

"MOSE RASTUS" IS CHRISTENED, BUT GEE WHIZZ!

"Wha' fo' yo' Don't Call Him 'The-dore'?" Starts Fierce Doings on San Juan Hill.

80 CELEBRANTS MIX UP.

Butter-in on Naming Honors Gets the Worst, Including Workhouse Term.

"Wha' fo' yo' all name dat chile Mose Rastus? Yo' change his name to Theodore?" shouted Herman Stuart, a large person who was among those present at the home of Mose Rastus's parents last night, where the christening of Mose was being celebrated.

"Who is yo' da speaking yo' hawg?" cooed Miss Henrietta Winston, her eyes lighting with the glow of battle. Then the fray began.

But let us go back to the beginning. Two Christmas nights when his fond father, Sylvester Rastus, carried the yet unnamed Mose Rastus to St. Cyril's Church, on West Sixty-third street. There he was christened after the Baptist formula, and his friends hailed the ceremony with shouts of joy. The friends, about eighty strong, thronged back to Mose's home, No. 171 West Sixty-third street, where, with wine and wassail, they began to make merry.

They continued to be merry all night and the next day, and even into the evening of the same day. But there is a story to everything joyful.

STARTED "FEELING'S."
One happy individual, Herman Stuart, twenty-five years old, of No. 22 West Fifty-first street, was the cause of it all. His intentions were good in bringing a huge chocolate cake. But his appetite overcame his better feelings and he proceeded to demolish most of the confection himself. This annoyed several who had designs on at least a small portion of that cake.

Particularly annoyed was Henrietta Winston. For Henrietta had taken nothing, but liquid refreshment for nearly twenty-four hours and felt the need of solid food. Henrietta would have been all right if she had kept her grievance to herself, but she very foolishly picked an argument with Stuart. The first cause of dispute was the name of the child. Leaving aside the parents' interest in the matter, the discussion was the fitness of the given name of Mose, and particularly Rastus, in these enlightened days, became general and heated.

"Erastus—Lordy, Lordy! Dat ain't no name fo' chile. Dat's a name fo' dog," chuckled Stuart. He was not addressing any one in particular, but Henrietta saw fit to take up the defense. "Mind yo' own business, nigger," she warned, reaching for a bottle.

"Ah, am mindin' mah business, woman. Don't get mah mad up."

"Heard dat," retorted Henrietta. "An' when did a hawg which eat all his own cake have any mad to get up? Man, yo' don't know nothin'. Yo' ain't got no staterk—never had."

THEN THINGS BEGAN TO AVIATE SOME.
Then the mix-up started. Things began to fly round the room. Every one of the eighty celebrants who could get on his feet grabbed some weapon of offense. The windows were open and things began to pile into the street. Residents who heard the sounds of battle nearby ran to the police station. Detective Tierman hurried to the scene. After the smoke of conflict had cleared he found Henrietta lying at the foot of the stairs, groaning. Her right leg was smashed and required sixteen stitches. She was removed to Flower Hospital. The detectives found Stuart sneaking out of a back door and arrested him.

In the West Side Court to-day all who made merry over Mose Rastus were present to give their versions. It looked for a time as if all San Juan Hill was in the room. There must have been more than a hundred voluntary witnesses.

Magistrate Richmond ordered the window shades raised and straightened out the tangle in record time. The charge against Stuart was disorderly conduct. He was referred to county in the Workhouse. Then the courtroom was cleared. Outside the revelers of last night began a discussion of the sentence.

Meanwhile the cause of it all, Mose Rastus, was again ignorant of how near his name came to being Theodore.

Era of Great Women at Last Is About to Dawn, And for Great Men You Must Dig Into History

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Achievements of Sexes in Music, Literature and Science Unequal Because Woman's Time Has Been Dedicated to the Care and Coddling of Men.

She Has Been a General Utility Person, Unable to Specialize Even in Cooking—Art Can't Serve Two Masters, to Say Nothing of Half a Dozen Children.

By Nikola Greeley-Smith.

There are no great women—at least, no women as great as men. We may have contributed our feeble mite to the world's great men.

You and I may think otherwise, of course. We may have contributed our feeble mite to the world's great men.

But do not let us suppose our foolish feminine notions to the flat which Prof. Elias Metchnikoff sends forth from Paris: that women have been great in the sense that men have been great.

Yes, the famous Prof. Metchnikoff, head of the Pasteur Institute and promulgator of the theory that lactic acid prolongs life, which set so many of us to drinking buttermilk, in the hope of becoming centenarians.

Prof. Metchnikoff's arrangement of woman was made in reply to a request for his views on the suffrage movement.

"Your complaint, as I understand it, is that man has excluded woman from all higher intellectual occupations by unnatural means, so that her mind has become atrophied, her capabilities blunted, her talents stunted," the scientist told a group of French suffragettes.

"Set us to the work. In there a man-master so unmanly who ever forbade his female slave to express herself in music? But where are your Beethovens, your Wagners, your Verdis, your Brahmses?"

"What foolish slave owner, of any time, would have dared to deny his female slave the right to sing and dance and play the piano?" As in music, man has encouraged women to do these things, yet where are your Rachinias, your Leonardos, your Schuberts? Have women been forbidden to mould, carve or draw? Yet where is your Phidias, your Michelangelo, your Colonna? Did you ever hear of a woman architect?"

SUPERIORITY OF MAN EVEN IN HOME AND KITCHEN.
"Home and motherhood—there, of course, woman is a natural queen. But let us not say that man has attempted to restrain you—there you have had from time immemorial in all ages, in all places, absolute and full freedom."

"Still, it is not man, the enslaver, who teaches you domestic economy? Is it not from man that you have learned how to care for your offspring in illness, how to amuse them in health?"

Who discovered the laws of domestic hygiene? Was it woman? "Now, my dear ladies, has man ever excluded you from the kitchen? No, you say, you have been enslaved there. 'Cook! Feed the brute!' It would seem reasonable that at least in this sphere woman should have reached a high standard of perfection. And the actual result? Ah, dear ladies, I must confess, if I want a really good dinner I must have recourse to a chef."

Now this is all very interesting, very ingenious, typical of the archaic point of view, which women are just learning to ignore, utterly disingenuous and misleading.



male Raphael, Prof. Metchnikoff imagines and rejects.

Between washing the baby, scolding the butler, showing the cook how to broil a steak, darning socks, mending shirts, etc., we'll imagine she has found a few moments to paint a picture of the Madonna, and just as she is dreaming over the Madonna's eyes, a tremulous brush poised near the canvas, the door of her room is burst open—of course she has no studio—and a male voice which holds a hint of reproach exclaims: "Say, I can't find a handkerchief or a pair of socks to my name. It's funny I can't keep anything in this house! Well, all right, then, come and see if you can find them."

This is just a little illustration of the handicap of being recognized as a general utility person instead of a specialist.

Until recently the only art in which woman was permitted to specialize was home making.

The hor—remains to-day woman's greatest invention, and the home includes all the arts.

Art, as we have heard, is long. An artist cannot serve two masters, to say nothing of half a dozen children.

The production of a great work of art requires these things—Time, Talent, Patience and Self-Confidence.

Now the time of woman till the last hundred years or so has been devoted almost universally to the care and coddling of man—for by those processes she lived and had her being. In odd hours, between putting the children to bed and setting the bread for the next day, she might have written an immortal ode or composed a deathless sonata—musical, of course, her husband wanted her to play cribbage with him. Generally he did.

WAS LEFT NO CONFIDENCE IN HER OWN ABILITY.
Told by man, and taught by religion, that she was essentially inferior and evil, what confidence could she have in her own power?

Until the dawn of the present era the sources of learning, the springs of inspiration were closed to woman merely on account of sex. Even now certain great colleges refuse her admission; scientific titles deny her achievements recognition.

Since the dawn of the present era, woman has been excluded from the highest spheres of human activity. She has been excluded from the highest spheres of human activity. She has been excluded from the highest spheres of human activity.

actionaries to the contrary, we have changed all that.

In the race for distinction women will always carry a physiological handicap. It may be lessened by sane living and hygienic dressing, but the next generation trailing after our skirts, will always give a certain advantage to the male. But even with that ineradicable handicap, woman has done, is doing great things and will do greater things.

The greatest man ever in the past. The greatest woman ever in the future.

When Napoleon was asked who were his ancestors he replied: "I am an ancestor."

And so the women of to-day may answer. The Sallie law which barred them from succession to the throne of art as well as of nations has been broken. Art is growing into the likeness of real republic wherein the citizens will be neither great men nor great women but merely great artists.

BOY TOOK POCKETBOOK FROM UNDER HER PILLOW
Woman in Night Dress Chases Lad Through Street Till Police-Man Gets Him.

Fourteen-year-old Reuben Kirschner of No. 21 Williams avenue, Brooklyn, was arrested to-day in Children's Court, Brooklyn, before Judge Wilkin, charged with unlawful entry. Mounted policeman William L. Blair was riding down Gravesend avenue early to-day when he heard a woman scream. He found a woman in her nightgown chasing a boy and crying "Stop thief." The policeman caught the boy and returned with the woman, Mrs. Cecelia Kuman, to her apartment. There she declared the lad had stolen her pocketbook, containing \$7.

On the street floor her husband keeps a stationery store in which the boy had worked. He was discharged Christmas Eve. According to Mrs. Kuman, her maid, having entered the apartment last night and hidden under the bed. This morning, after her husband had gone, she felt a hand under her pillow where she kept the store money. She spoke and a boy jumped out from under the bed and ran.

No pocketbook was found on the boy when he was searched, but later it was discovered in the hallway. The charge against him was changed to burglary and he was turned over to the Children's Society until Jan. 29.

MISS WILLIAMS FAILS TO EVADE PRISON CELL.
Grace Williams, who was sentenced to serve a year's imprisonment in Blackwell's Island last week by three Special Sessions Justices for stealing a union suit from a Sixth avenue store, was refused a reasonable doubt certificate to-day by Justice Bijar in the Supreme Court. An appeal has been begun in the Appellate Division.

Miss Williams was arrested on Oct. 12 in a store at No. 111 Sixth avenue and charged with stealing a union suit. She was convicted on the testimony of Miss Frances Terrell, manager of the store, who testified that she had seen Miss Williams put something in her stocking. Later Miss Terrell drew the union suit from underneath Miss Williams's coat. The girl begged for mercy, saying that she had a sick mother at home who needed her aid.

BEWARE DENTISTS! COURT RULES THEY CAN TELL SECRETS

Toothpullers Aren't Restricted by "Professional Ethics" of Physicians.

The Appellate Term of the Supreme Court, Justices Seabury, Guy and Coban, has decided the knowledge of a dentist concerning his patient is not privileged, as is the knowledge of a surgeon, physician or nurse.

The question came before the court on an appeal from the Municipal Court, where a verdict was given in favor of the plaintiff in a suit brought by Frank M. Howe, a dentist, to recover an agreed price for professional services to Edward Regensburg, deceased, when the executors of the will refused to pay the bill. The verdict was appealed from on the ground that the plaintiff should not have been allowed to testify, under Section 54 of the Code of Civil Procedure, which provides that "a person duly authorized to practice surgery, or a professional or registered nurse, shall not be allowed to disclose any information he acquires in attending a patient in a professional capacity."

Says Justice Seabury, who writes the opinion, in which all concur: "We think it is clear the Legislature did not intend to include a dentist within the provisions of this section of the code."

"Strictly speaking," continues Justice Seabury, "a dentist might be included within the description relating to those who practice 'surgery,' but as the term 'surgery' is employed in the statute it does not include one engaged in the practice of dentistry."

"In the early days in England the province of the dentist was not recognized except as it fell within the scope of the function of the 'barber-surgeon,' whose multitudinous duties often included those not only of the barber and surgeon, but the physician and dentist as well. Within quite recent times it was customary for barbers and blacksmiths to extract teeth. Formerly the work of filling and plating teeth was frequently performed by the jeweler. A process of integration and differentiation has taken place, and the separate and distinct profession of dentistry has come into existence."

"There is clear evidence in the statutes of this State of a legislative intent to regard the two professions of medicine and dentistry as separate and distinct. Our conclusion, therefore, is that the objection that the plaintiff was precluded from testifying under the provisions of section 54 of the Code of Civil Procedure was properly overruled and his testimony properly received in evidence. It follows that the judgment appealed from should be affirmed with costs."

ZELLER WANTED TO SEND THIS GROCER TO PRISON.
Didn't Agree With Colleagues on a Fine for Selling Oleomargarine as Butter.

George Fredericks of No. 546 West Fortieth street pleaded guilty to-day before Justices Forker, Zeller and Fleming in Part V. of Special Sessions to a charge of selling oleomargarine for butter. He was fined \$100 upon his plea of guilty, with the alternative of thirty days in the City Prison.

"I disagree with my colleagues in imposing this sentence," said Magistrate Zeller. "It is a dirty and contemptible trick for a dealer to sell oleomargarine under the name of butter, and I think that any person who so shames the law should be given a fair trial."

Fredericks was arrested on Nov. 7. He was accused by George Bouron, a cafe owner at No. 334 Broadway. Samples of the "butter" were tested by Inspector Theodore M. Steward of the State Department of Agriculture. They were found to be oleomargarine.

ROOSEVELT SAYS HE WON'T ATTEND PEACE BANQUET

White Dove Flabbergasted by the Row Over the Waldorf Dinner.

VERY MUCH MIXED UP.

Cast of Characters and What They Are Doing Like a Brisk Farce Comedy.

T. Roosevelt will not go to the great Peace banquet at the Waldorf on Saturday night. That much has been settled after all the fuss and pow-wow which has been making the banquet situation anything but peaceful for a week.

The Colonel grunted when a crowd of reporters went into his editorial office to ask him why he had declined the invitation.

"I'm not hungry," he said, and then had a good, loud laugh at the effect of his joke.

Secretary Willard J. Bloomer of the dinner committee went to the Outlook place to-day to have a little talk with Mr. Roosevelt about the whole disturbance. He wanted to make sure that the Colonel understood positively that he was invited.

"You see," said Mr. Bloomer, "I sent a preliminary invitation to Mr. Roosevelt several weeks ago. In reply I got a letter in which he asked whether it was to be a meeting of endorsement for Taft's foreign policies or whether it was merely in the general interests of peace. He was told that President Taft was to be the principal speaker. Since then everything has occurred which led to misunderstanding regarding his invitation."

The Dove of Peace was found this morning hiding behind the ball at the top of the Metropolitan tower. "Best it," said the Dove. "Don't ask me any questions about this Citizens Peace Dinner Saturday night at the Waldorf. I'm on my way up to the Bronx Zoo to change places with the laughing Jackass."

"But—" began the gentlemanly reporter.

"But your grandmother!" said the Dove. "What with the belligerent Col. T. Roosevelt, the burning question of a toastmaster, a recalcitrant secretary, an explosive committee, no use of the short and ugly word graft, that painful remark of the C. 'as I, after it's all over she's going to tell something on somebody, and the diplomats to turn out generally—where am I at? That's what I want to know. Where do I stand?"

"Well, said the reporter, at that Carnegie Hall peace meeting," said the Dove. "Now start at the beginning and tell me the facts."

INVITED BOTH THE PRESIDENT AND THE COLONEL.
So the reporter told about how President Taft was going to be the principal noise at the dinner, and how somebody, a member of the committee, went off half-cocked and sent the Colonel an invitation.

"Did they ask him to speak?" inquired the reporter.

"No," said the gentlemanly reporter. "Then of course he ain't coming," declared the Dove. "Go on."

After this, the reporter explained, the committee instructed Secretary Willard J. Bloomer to send the Colonel an official invitation, but the secretary held up the invitation until he could get a reply to a letter asking the Colonel's views on the arbitration treaties.

"Yesterday," said the reporter, "the committee got red-headed because Mr. Bloomer hadn't sent the invitation."

"Well, they had to hang it on somebody," reflected the Dove. "What did the Colonel reply to the letter of inquiry?"

what did the committee do after it sent Mr. Bloomer?"

"It went into executive session," said the Dove. "How many were injured?" asked the reporter.

"Never mind, then. What is the latest in graft talk?"

So the polite reporter told that story, too, how Henry G. Granger charged that Edward O. Towne, a former member of the executive committee, had tried to get a rebate from the Hotel Astor of \$1.50 a plate, and how Mr. Towne explained that the executive committee authorized Countess Von Boos to ask for the rebate, it having been in the mind of the Countess that the great and glorious idea of the peace dinner originated. After that negotiations were broken off with the Hotel Astor and the committee went to the Waldorf. The reporter also quoted the Countess, who said with some heat:

"Evidently Mr. Carnegie wants to make this dinner into a trust like the Steel Trust. I'm not going to say any more now, but when it is all over I shall have something to say."

The Dove looked thoughtful. "It's a fine dish, ain't it?" he mused. "Hain't the Colonel said anything for publication?"

"Yes, the Colonel says that his previous engagements make it impossible for him to attend, and that he wouldn't harm a peace dinner for anything."

And he was thinking just that at the time, was he not?" said the Dove. "Yes, he was not. Well, I've got to be rolling along. I need quiet. Address me at Tripoli, will you?"

RAN AWAY TO SEE TOYS.
Little Boy and Girl Found Staring at Window's Treasures.

A boy of four years and a girl a year younger stood in front of a toy store at Fifty-sixth street and Third avenue at 7 o'clock last night, gazing fascinated into the window. They did not heed the rain. The boy wore a gray overcoat, gray boots and a white hat. The girl had a white hat and a red coat. Under her arm was a small red box.

Two women asked the children if they were not lost. For answer the boy pointed to the window. The women took them to the East Fifty-first street police station. The youngsters could not remember their names. In the red box was a doll.

"Where'd you get this?" the girl was asked.

"We bought it," spoke up the boy. The police believe the children ran away from home to see toys. Police Headquarters was asked to find their parents.

NO MORE BOXING BY GIRLS.
"Broken Noses" Held Up as Warning to High School Pupils.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Dec. 27.—Boxing among the girls of the Los Angeles High School was put under a ban to-day, but two devotees of the art, Miss Laura Davis and Miss Fern Powell, declared that despite the edict, they were still infatuated with the sport.

Dr. E. C. Beach, physical director of the city high schools, said it was not the aim of the inspectors to turn out a generation of feminine fighters and there was no desire to develop an unnaturally combative disposition, "which would interfere with the natural laws of the home."

"Suppose a pretty girl's nose was broken while boxing?" said Dr. Beach. "It probably would mean disfigurement and might seriously injure her social prospects."

A BAS MOSQUITO! MONTCLAIR RAISES \$2,000 TO FIGHT 'EM

Town Contemplates Issuing \$500,000 Bonds for Campaign Against Pest.

(Special to The Evening World.)
MONTCLAIR, N. J., Dec. 27.—The Montclair Board of Health laid its plans last night and provided an advance fund of \$2,000 for the extermination of the mosquito. In addressing the Board, on the subject of the long-billed pest, President Moses N. Baker said it would pay the town to issue bonds and raise half a million dollars for the anti-mosquito cause.

The plans for next summer include the organization of a corps of special mosquito inspectors. It will be their duty to inspect every estate, no matter how humble, and see that no stagnant water is permitted to stand, either in the shape of puddles, pools or ponds. If the owners do not drain off the stagnant water they will be prosecuted.

The mosquito pest was at its worst last Montclair last summer. There were seven assorted varieties of the pernicious insects at large. The smallest were able to insinuate themselves through the finest mesh screens, and of the largest, the owners do not drain off the stagnant water they will be prosecuted.

SOHMER NAMES FRASER AS DEPUTY COMPTROLLER.
Bronx Lawyer Takes the Place Vacated by Sheriff-Elect Harburger.

State Comptroller Sohmer has appointed Wallace S. Fraser, assistant member of the Thirtieth Assembly District, north side, as Deputy State Comptroller to succeed Julius Harburger, Sheriff-elect, in charge of the New York City office.

Mr. Fraser is an attorney with offices at No. 163 Broadway. He was Corporation Tax Commissioner under former Comptroller Martin H. Glynn for two years and was appointed to the same office by Comptroller Sohmer.

He is a member of the Association of the Bar of the Borough of the Bronx, New York County Lawyers' Association and many charitable and benevolent societies.

THIEVING SANTA CLAUS.
"Mean" Swindler Collected Money Outcastly for Newsboys' Home.

George D. Stokes of No. 28 West One Hundred and Eighty-fourth street, convicted in the Court of Special Sessions to-day for obtaining Christmas subscriptions for the Newsboys' Home and keeping the money, was sentenced to the penitentiary for three months.

In imposing sentence, Justice McInerney denounced Stokes as a "mean" thief. Stokes, it is claimed, has made a practice of posing as a collector for charitable institutions and appropriating the money he collected.

Mark Down Gown Sale \$10 & \$12 Values \$5.98

Tomorrow, Thursday.

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